"A bright New Year and a sunny track
   Along an upward way;
And a song of praise on looking back
   When the year has passed away;
And golden sheaves, not small nor few:
   This is my New Year's wish for you."
   —Selected.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"Thou art worthy, O Lord." Rev. 4:11.

Were it possible for us to have a record of all the true service of Christ rendered during the year 1914, it might be a surprising revelation. Doubtless much that has been called service of Christ would not appear at all on the record, and the truest service may have been entirely overlooked by the busy world and unseen by man. In our grief over the coldness and selfishness of so many who profess Christ's name we may fail to realise how great is the sum of the ministrations by those owing hearts who have served with an eye single to God's glory.

We are very sure that our Heavenly Father, who seeth in secret, has not overlooked a single item, and that there is no sigh or sacrifice, not a lonely hour or a self-denial, no cross bravely borne, or a single prayer of the kind that costs and prevails but will have its reward. And no one who has made any true sacrifice for Christ regrets it now. We may all have our regrets or opportunities missed and for failure to serve whole-heartedly, but no one begrudges to the Lord any little sacrifice he has been able to make. It has ever been thus. All down through the centuries along the line of martyrs, missionaries, and of those who have
gone to Him without the camp bearing His reproach, no one has regretted his sacrifice, because in all times those hearts who have really come to know the Lord have said "Thou art worthy, O Lord" of anything we are able to give."

And as we look forward to the coming year, which holds such momentous issues for the world and perhaps surprises for all of us, may our watchword be "Thou art worthy, O Lord."

In the present regrettable war some things are worthy of the notice of thoughtful Christians. We are seeing what the nations of Europe can do. They are doing their best in money as is shown by the war loans, subscriptions for the numerous war funds and the liberal pensions and allowances for soldiers. England with a comparatively small force is spending over $41,000,000 per day to win in this war. They are giving their best in men, and the finest manhood of Europe goes to the front, ready to die for fatherland. The press is filled with the praises of the bravery of men and of the noble sacrifice of the women who ungrudgingly give their husbands and sons. Were it not for the hatred and suffering which come with war the sight would be magnificent. No cost is counted too great for one's country. Had the Christian nations shown a thousandth part of the enthusiasm for the cause of Christ which they are showing for war, the remotest corner of the world would long ago have been evangelized.

Is, then, the love of Christ less constraining than love of country? Should we be less ready to volunteer for "service abroad" under the banner of the Cross than under an earthly banner; and should it be harder for volunteers in Christ's work to get to the front than for volunteers in Europe? Is it less important to make a sacrifice to reinforce the "thin line" of missionaries at the front than to bring up fresh battalions in the battle area? Are our sons too precious for the mission field but not too precious to give to the bullets of a country's enemy? Is Christ less worthy than fatherland?

Nay! "Thou art worthy, O Lord" of all that our poor hearts can give. We will not count any danger too great, any
suffering too severe, or any sacrifice too costly for Thee. While the citizens of this world are holding wealth and life ready at the call of country, we, the citizens of another world pledge our loyalty to our King. Help us to serve Thee this year, not according to the measure of man's patriotism, but according to Thy worthiness. For "Thou art worthy, O Lord."

The India Alliance sends its New Year's greetings to its readers from the jungle. The Editor's office is under a grove of mango trees hard by a magnificent but perfectly useless Hindu temple that has been completed at the cost of $3,300 in the hope that the builder will thus obtain merit. The very air is oppressive with the powers of darkness. A recent rain has almost marooned us in a sea of sticky black clay. The town's people are courteous and respectful but perfectly indifferent to the message we bring. They say "If any one cares to listen let him listen, but for us, we are perfectly satisfied with our religion and our gods." It is among conditions such as these that we long to see a work worthy of the God we love and worship.

OUR CHAIRMAN'S PAGE.

An Editorial Department Conducted by Mr. Fuller.

A backward look over the year 1914, reveals many reason for gratitude to God and many causes for praise and thanksgiving. There have been no deaths among our missionaries and but two among children of the missionaries, and the health of the mission on the whole has been good. It has been a year of steady work with much encouragement. The growth of the work in all the foreign fields of the Alliance has made increased financial demands and has brought up afresh some problems of mission work.

One of these is the training and employment of native mission agents. In this we as a mission in India have been very remiss, and only in the later years have we taken up the matter
as we ought to have done fifteen years ago. From the statistics of all the missions working in India we see that there is an average of more than seven Indian agents employed for each foreign missionary while in our mission with seventy-six missionaries we have only about one hundred Indian workers, or an average of only one and one third for each missionary. It is of no use to lash ourselves about this matter now, but it is high time for us as an Alliance at home and on the field to open our eyes to the fact that India is never to be evangelized by foreign missionaries.

In all Government work each foreign official has a staff of Indian assistants under him. A Deputy Commissioner or a Collector in charge of a district may have two or three foreign assistants and two or three scores of Indian assistants of all grades. The Government has spent immense amounts of money on the education of Indians to fit them to hold all the various grade of positions, so that to-day we find Indians holding the positions of Assistant Commissioners or Assistant Collectors, and even Deputy Commissioners and Collectors, with foreign Assistants and of course scores of Indian assistants of all grades under them. This means economy of administrations.

Again, the Standard Oil Company of America sells its oil in many of the remotest parts of India as well as along the streets from door to door in the cities and larger towns. It is a wonderful example of intelligent enterprise. There are only a comparatively few men from America, employed on large salaries, to direct the business in the various areas into which India has been divided by the Company. Under each of these American agents is a head office with a staff of Assistants—European, Eurasian, Parsee, Hindu and Mohammedan. Then there are branch offices with these assistants in charge, and finally hundreds of men with the bullocks and carts going from door to door and from village to village actually distributing the Standard Oil Company's millions of gallons of oil every week. It would be impossible to do this work with American agents only. At the lowest possible living salaries for foreigners it could not be made to pay.
There are few missions which have tried to keep foreign missionaries on the field in India with as low allowances as those received by the Alliance missionaries, and yet the Alliance cannot be called an economical mission because so much of the actual work done has been done by the foreign missionaries. And until we are prepared to spend more money and time in the preparation of Indian workers, and can have at least half a dozen Indian workers for every foreign missionary we never can be called an economical mission. It is a penny-wise-and-pound-foolish economy to refuse to spend money and time in training Indian workers of all grades for our work. We cannot hope to get such men and women as we need from other missions for there is no surplus of them in any mission. Other missions may sometimes spare a few workers, but we cannot blame them if they keep their best and spare those who have failed or at least have met with very meagre success and who can best be spared. But we do not want that kind.

Even the allowance of a missionary in India, three hundred dollars a year, will support four or five good, well trained Indian evangelists who have the language as their mother tongue and are living in the climate in which they were born and brought up. They are among their own people whom they know as we can never know them, and can gain their confidence more quickly than the foreigner can do, and with the spiritual equipment which we ought to be able to give them can win souls for Christ better than the foreigner can do.

Rev. W. M. Turnbull who had the work of the Training School for Gujarat upon his heart and who had been greatly used in it has been kept at home as Principal of the Wilson Academy, and our work on the field is suffering very much on account of it. Pray that God may raise up some one else for Wilson Academy so that Mr. Turnbull can come back to his work here in India. Some of our lady missionaries have not even one Bible woman to go out with them in the work. It is the worst of economy to let our missionaries work at such a disadvantage. Some home friends have suggested that we are using too much money for Indian workers but we would rather have our own allowances.
short than to lose our Indian workers. It would be better economy to recall a few missionaries than to drop any good Indian workers, and we do not want to consider such a step. We rather ask all to pray that God may send the support for all we have and for many more.

MURTIZAPUR NOTES
By Anne Cutler.

My heart is overflowing with gratitude to God for all His manifold goodness, and I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity afforded by our little mission paper of sending these few lines that you may with us also praise Him for so abundantly answering prayers in our behalf. It was with gladness one stepped on India’s shores again after eighteen months’ absence and the “Welcome back” was precious indeed. It was sweet also to be once more in the midst of our own little flock, to hear the kindly welcome received even from many Hindoo friends; to meet face to face with one’s dear fellow missionaries, though noting the worn and tired looks of some who are in need of a furlough. Then, actually to attend in person another of our Alliance Missionary Conventions and Marathi “Subha” in Akola, the varying emotions called forth by these different experiences are impossible to express,—but underlying all is deep praise and thankfulness to God for all His faithfulness.

However I must admit that when the actual time came to resume evangelistic work a new joy possessed my heart. Somewhat unexpectedly the privilege of attending the large annual Fair at Bairam presented itself and this proved to be the “commencement exercise” of this new term of service.

Hundreds and hundreds of people gather there and it is a splendid field for gospel work. I was able to reach the fair in time for the last two days and one of those was the “big day.” That proved to be on a Sunday and missionaries and helpers were exceedingly busy from morning till night. One open air meeting near our camp commenced about one-thirty or two o’clock and lasted without a break for three hours and a half. Hundreds listened intently to the gospel message given in Hindi and in Marathi, some of the people remaining through from beginning to end. Monday also was a full day. The fair covers a large area and it simply meant walking and talking all the time, here speaking to a large number, there to a smaller group, and again, heart to heart talks with individuals. There can be no
doubt but that many souls received during those days the life giving Word. It might not be an exaggeration to say that had it been in any other land than India where the diabolical iron rule of caste exists, many would have confessed then and there their faith in the Lord Jesus. But praise God the day is at hand when notwithstanding caste and all it means, the people are going to break through, “The lawful captives shall be delivered, the prey shall be taken from the terrible,—for the mouth of the Lord has spoken it.”

One man came under deep conviction and sought an interview with a worker, saying: “I must become a Christian.” There was also an eagerness on the part of the people to listen. Monday evening after supper we all felt that we should give an other opportunity of hearing the gospel, so lighting a large fire in the open—for the evenings are now quite chilly, we gathered around, and although our voices were not in the best trim after the strain of the day and the “eating of dust,” we sang hymns until some people gathered and then spoke with them. The work is followed up by prayer. We believe for fruit from among that people.

Perhaps the sight that touched our hearts more deeply than others was the sacrificing of animals. Pray that these blinded eyes may be opened to see the one great Sacrifice that alone atones for sin.

Later in that same week I reached our own little camp from which I am writing, and though barely one week has passed precious souls have been saved. On Sunday last at our usual afternoon service three Brahmins and three Mahars (outcasts) were present. They remained through the whole service and the Word entered into their hearts. One of the Mahars was soundly converted and many from the same class confess that light has been given, but they are trembling just now. The above mentioned however has told his wife and she has believed and both are rejoicing in their newly found Saviour and salvation.

The days are very full ones indeed. Many villages all about here are visited and inquirers are constantly at our camp—Brahmins, Maharattas, Kumbis and Mahars; all coming to hear the gospel. There is no doubt that the Holy Spirit is convicting of sin and of the truth that Jesus alone can save. We praise God and press forward. Surely the reaping time is at hand. But oh, dear friends, don’t fail to pray for us and for these our “new children in the faith,” for others who long to break loose from their bondage, being assured of the truth in their hearts but still too “fearful” to forsake all.

I cannot tell you what an inspiration and encouragement the
recollections of my visit with so many of you afford me, as once more, by God's goodness and grace I am privileged to minister of the Word of Life to these Indian people.

One more word ere closing. You may remember that on account of there being no missionary for Dayrapur province we work in that as well as in Murtizapur province. The new railway, opened during my furlough considerably facilitates travelling and we are now working in places not visited for some years. Sad to say we find the Roman Catholics have made great advances and are exercising a strong influence over these simple, deluded people who seem more open than those in some other parts. Will you not pray anew earnestly that soon a missionary may be raised up for this province with its hundreds of villages and thousands of souls. Surely God has some one, some where.

“If God be for us who can be against us?”

By J. L. Rollier

There are doubtless few readers of missionary books and journals who are not acquainted with the well known fact that Satan is so opposed to the missionaries going on tour that he tries in every way to hinder the carrying out of the plan of evangelizing the villages in the interior of the district. I had both read and heard of such things but that is quite different from going oneself through the experiences we had last Friday, the eleventh of December when I for the first time in my life both saw and felt the tremendous power of the enemy in creating obstacles to stop the advance of our work in his own country.

We, that is, Mr. and Mrs. K. Garrison and myself, the catechist and his wife and child were up very early that morning. All the boxes, tents and other paraphernalia required for a touring expedition had been duly packed the day before, and so, all that remained to be done was the rolling up of the bedding and packing of the carts which were to leave as early as possible to go to Virul, six miles from Chandur, the first place where we were to camp.

Tents, camp beds, camp stools, folding tables, rolls of bedding, boxes of all description and sizes, some filled with provisions to last our whole touring season, some filled with dishes and cooking utensils, some ingeniously made to act as cupboards, again others for milk and meat safes, made to hang on the branch of some tree between the open-air dining room and kitch-
en, all these things were packed tight and high, roped securely together on two bullock carts, and away they went at about nine o'clock.

We prepared at about two o'clock to follow the baggage carts in the "tonga" (cart.) Mr. Garrison had himself practically made this tonga over from an old one and to see him carpentering, blacksmithing and harness patching, when his soul and spirit were burning to be out in the bazaar or neighbouring villages preaching the glorious gospel, made me long to have him freed from such work and the hope came with a heartfelt prayer that another year, if the Lord tarries, he might have all the money necessary to enable him to go touring in good time without having to spend precious days in such a work.

When hitching time came, the horses which had been without work for a few months were naturally very frisky and most unwilling to be harnessed. The enemy seemed to possess them for the time and the consequence was that right there and then the harness was broken in several places and instead of being able to start, Mr. Garrison had to unhitch the horses, take the whole harness to pieces and go to work to patch it up the best he could. Within three hours, the work was done and I assure you that Mrs. Garrison's heart and mine were lifted up to God for supernatural strength to be given to Mr. Garrison who had already overworked for some days past, and surely the Lord did it, for we heard him sing praises unto God as he plied the hammer and other tools in his little workshop.

What a strange scene it would have been to our American friends to see us all in that mission compound, each one engaged in coaxing the horses to start. Mrs. Garrison and myself were each holding a horse by the head, putting on a very brave front; Mr. Garrison was in the tonga urging them to go; the native Christian women living in the compound were either interested spectators or helpers with the Mem Sahib in the endeavour to encourage the obstinate horses to start. Finally they made a move and were led gently on to the road; we jumped in and, the Lord be praised, the horses trotted away; our hearts sang praises to Him Who is ever the Victor and we kept on praising Him and committing ourselves to Him Who alone could bring us safely to that journey's end.

As long as we were on the government road all went very well, but when we reached the rough native roads, the tonga being heavy, the horses began to tire. Darkness came on, and we were still some distance from the camping place. It was there we saw and felt again the awful opposition of the enemy and his power to hinder; as we passed through a hamlet the
horses refused to go any further and suddenly began to act up again as in the compound, breaking some other part of the harness and causing one of them to fall down; it was pitch dark by that time. We got out as quickly as we could and helped to lift the harness and unhitch the horses; we were then two full miles from the camp and could not well expect any help; things looked dark, but thank God we were not dismayed. We knelt by the road side and prayed for guidance and the help of Him Whose ambassadors we are and on Whose behalf we had undertaken this trip. Mr. Garrison then went to the village and brought some men and lanterns; the horses were hitched again, the mischief hastily repaired and it was soon decided that Mr. Garrison would stay with the balky horses while a native man would guide Mrs. Garrison and myself to the camp. It was a weary walk through fields ready to harvest, the stalks and leaves were quite dry and much higher than our heads and they whispered and mooned as the wind passed through them making a most lugubrious sound; but the sky was full of stars gloriously bright and we felt His Presence with us calming, strengthening and encouraging us.

It was about ten o'clock when we arrived in Virul. Our guide led us to the “Patel” or Chief man of the village. At once we were surrounded by a group of men and the Patel himself wrapped up in a beautiful red blanket came to speak with us; he offered us a bullock cart to take us out to the camp, because there was a little river to ford. We gladly accepted and had a drive to the camp where we arrived at ten thirty. Oh how thankful we were for God’s goodness and care of us; the enemy had tried hard to hinder but God had conquered and we were there at last safe and sound; all seemed very strange to me, for it was my very first experience of living in a tent, away from all houses. We sent back a blanket and a rug by our guide to Mr. Garrison. The next morning we heard the joyful sound: “The Saheb has come, the Saheb has come” and sure enough God had also brought him safely through that last part of the trip.

We found out then that the camping place which had been assigned to us by the Patel was next to a great Hindoo temple. We wondered at the choice he made but found out soon that the reason for it was the enmity between the Patel and his relative a wealthy man who had built the temple for merit at a cost of over three thousand dollars. The Patel knowing it would displease his relative assigned this ground as our camping place and according to the rules of this country, he being considered as the king of the village, he had every right to do so. Of course, we would not have chosen such a place, specially under such
circumstances, but we take it that God has some purpose in allowing us. His ambassadors, to be in the very shadow of that awful temple. We are asking Him to stir our hearts by the sight of these idols and images and by the sound of the bells we hear in the morning awakening the god Gunpetti and in the evening putting him to sleep in the same way.

The man who built the temple has the ear of the people and alas, we see there also the work of the enemy, for you can see how hard it is for the poor people to either listen or receive the gospel message when they are in such subjection to that wealthy man.

So far, I have perhaps emphasized the trace of the enemy’s handiwork, but thank God we saw also all along the way how God’s hand was upon us for good and not for evil; first of all in the breaking of the harness in the mission compound where there was facility for repairing the damage Satan evidently tried his best to hinder the starting out but God overruled it as He always does for good on behalf of those who love Him, for it would have been a far more serious plight to have this happen in the jungle and by night. Then in arriving in the small village two miles away from the camp, the accident there made us come in touch with the people of that place and they proved so friendly that we feel God has Himsclf opened a door for us there, praise His dear Name; We were also made conscious of God’s gracious protection when we learned that two days after our night walk through the jungle a leopard appeared and killed a horse about three miles from where Mrs. Garrison and I started on foot for the camp. All things do indeed work together for good to them who love Him and in spite of our seeing and feeling in a very special way that we are in the enemy’s own country and opposed at every step by him, yet we are not discouraged, for our God in the midst of us is mightier. He is with us, for us, and thank God He is Who fights our battles for us, so we can praise Him for the victories He will be sure to win. To Him be all honour and praise and glory for ever and ever.

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KAIRA ITEMS.

The 135 Kaira girls wish the patrons and friends of the orphanage a Happy New Year and ask God’s blessing upon them and their work for the coming year.

We wish to thank the patrons and friends for their help support during the last year but recently we have received
letters to the effect that they are afraid to send money on account of the war. This has caused financial pressure and we wish to say that all the money which has been sent to us directly has reached us safely. Many of our patrons have ceased to support during the past year and this, too, has added to the pressure. Will the friends please join in prayer that our needs will be supplied.

There are thirty girls who are asking for baptism. We have been having special prayer meetings and Bible readings with them but we have been reluctant to give them baptism until we know they are truly converted. Will you not pray for these girls.

After a heavy rainy season we are having exceptionally cold days and on account of this many of our girls have fever, colds and some have pneumonia. Please pray for their deliverance.

AN APPEAL BY THE NATIONAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF INDIA.

The war is affecting our finances more seriously than we expected, our deficit in income is already more than Rs. 3,500. In addition to this sum we need Rs. 3,000 for the rest of the year. The Executive Committee at its meeting on the 26th of October directed the Secretaries to make an earnest appeal to all Indian Churches and friends to make special efforts at this time of need.

Our Punjab Committee decided that the 6th of December should be observed as an N. M. S. Sunday in their province. The Executive Committee recommends and requests that that day be observed as such throughout the Indian Empire and Ceylon, that adequate preparations be made for the occasion, that a special sermon be preached on the day, and that the offerings of the congregations be collected and forwarded to the Hon. Treasurer, N. M. S. Office, Royapettah, Madras. Please write for literature describing the work of the Society.

Collection cards are also being printed which could be suitably used by young men, young ladies and children. The card is divided into squares each representing four annas where the donor would initial. Please write at once for a supply.

We earnestly request that our friends would whole-heartedly and immediately begin to help and save the Executive from the terrible necessity of retrenching God's work.

Madras.  

K. T. Paul,

November 1914.  

E. S. Hensman,

Hon. General Secretaries.
THE Lord has lately given to us who are His children in Khamgaon a special treat and a new uplift through the Rev. J. McPherson, one of His anointed servants. When we found that this brother would come to us after His ministry to us at our annual convention and in the special meetings with the Church at Akola, following the convention, we began to hope and pray for something special from the Lord for the little company of Christians here, because the Lord had graciously used our brother in these other meetings. Prayer meetings were held each evening for several days prior to the coming of Rev. McPherson, with the definite purpose that our hearts might be ready for the messages he would bring and that he might come to us in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. Special invitations were given to people in the big heathen town just by us and all the professing Christians were urged by the missionaries to try to arrange their work so they could be present.

Rev. McPherson arrived on the day appointed, in company with Mr. Fuller and Brother and Sister C. Eicher, all of whom had come to stand with us in prayer and faith and to assist in the meetings. This they did do, and took the work upon their hearts as if it were their very own, praying earnestly with us and sorrowing over the lost, and rejoicing over the found ones and at every manifestation of the grace of God. Our brother McPherson's messages were given in the simplicity and love of Jesus and were food for the saints and swift arrows of conviction to the unsaved. Two public meetings were held each day, one at nine in the morning and another at seven in the evening. Each afternoon, the missionaries met for prayer. The Lord searched hearts and made His little ones long with fresh desire to live in readiness for His coming. Some found, under the tender but illuminating power of our brother's messages, that they had been failing in their walk as Christians and began to pour out their sorrow and repentance in prayer before the Lord, and in the intervals between the meetings to go and make right wrongs they had done. Their shining faces and bright testimonies after this proved that the Lord had met their hearts. On Sunday evening Rev. McPherson spoke on Jno. 7: 37-39, emphasizing the meaning of the "rivers of living water" that flow from the hearts of those who fully believe on Jesus and are indwelt by His Spirit, and telling with unction and clearness what some of these rivers
SPECIAL MEETINGS AT KHAMGAON

are. Following the prayer service after this message, which was the last of the series which our brother gave, there was a testimony meeting in which many joyful hearts participated. We cannot enumerate all the results of these meetings. In fact the messages given, backed by the earnest prayers of our brother who was God's mouthpiece for their delivery, and the prayers of the missionaries and other Christians, will go on resulting in good for many days to come, we believe. One result, and we consider it one very important result, was that it located, spiritually, many of our people to us. We believe, too, that these meetings located many hearts to themselves, and that they got very clear light as to their responsibility to God and their fellow men.

And now may we ask those who read these lines to pray for the church at Khamgaon? God has put a deep desire in some of our hearts that He may have a large company of people here who bear the name of Christ and who bear it worthily. This is a very great heathen community and Jesus has no other representatives among the thousands than the one little band of Christians. Oh that they may be a clean company and Spirit-filled, so that others from the polluted surroundings may run to their God and Saviour and be clean and Spirit-filled with them, and wait with them for our soon coming Jesus.

SAVING THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF INDIA.

HOW dear the children of India have grown to every one who has lived among them! Let me tell you about a few of those I met in my work, with the hope that all the children of India may become more real to you, and that you will share with them your love and sympathy and prayers.

As I was driving through the city one day the carriage suddenly stopped. The door was thrown open, and before me stood a delicate young woman with eight children, ranging from twelve years of age to the babe of two in her arms. The Hindu driver, motioning in their direction, asked, "How can I feed and clothe that family on two dollars a month?" Two years later the mother and father died of tuberculosis, and two of the youngest children were found sleeping on the roadside without food or shelter.

We took them in, and on inquiry found that all the other children had been married, except one bright, handsome lad, who had been taken by thieves to train in their profession. The lads we named Kim and Jim. They were not with us long when a
boy of ten, called Kindar, joined them, saying that his parents had died of bubonic plague and that he was starving. It was wonderful to see how those children tried to please us, and to improve themselves and their surroundings. An old bench was pressed into service as a table and was decorated with a white cloth and flowers. They quickly learned the Lord's Prayer and some Bible verses. No matter where we were, or how busy, they always came and knelt down beside us to say their evening prayer, before being tucked into their little cots on the verandah. One day the three of them stood before me, saying they wanted their tuft of hair, the symbol of Hinduism, cut off, as they were now Christians. I could scarcely refrain from smiling as I told them I would have to see a magistrate about it, as they were juniors.

Shortly after this a Brahman appeared and asked for his son, Kindar, the lad of ten, stoutly denied that the man was his father. The man took the case into court, and on several occasions tried to kill the boy. Finally, the magistrate advised me to send him to school at a safe distance, until the case was settled. This resulted, later, in favour of Kindar, but, in the meantime, the three boys were sent to a fine educational and industrial orphanage, belonging to the C. P. mission at Mhow. Here they studied well and later received baptism. We trust that they will one day be used to advance the Master's Kingdom among their own people.

Kindar's longing to see his old mission friends, and perhaps also his love of travel, proved greater than his patience, and to satisfy these he twice walked the distance of nearly five hundred miles. The first time he had only sixty cents to supply his food, except what he earned on the way. On being asked how he fared on the journey, he replied that he missed the daily prayers and Bible study most.

SAVING THE GIRLS.

It is the girls of India, however, that touch our hearts the deepest. There is so little real joy or pleasure in their lives. The birth of a daughter is, in fact, a signal for mourning in the Hindu home, if, indeed, she be allowed to remain there.

England has given several commands in India, one of which is, "Thou shalt not kill thy daughters;" but, strange to say, the female population is still smaller than the male.

One evening a Mohammedan widow, apparently dying, came with her aged father-in-law, to the Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital at Fatehpur. Her first request, seconded, or more
probably instigated, by her father-in-law, was that we should kill her baby girl. We told her we could not do that, but we would care for them both. An operation saved the woman, and her little girl arrived the following night. We could not leave it alone with her for two weeks lest she harm it. Through our nurse, Miss Simpson's care of her child, she learned something of our Saviour's love and was willing to trust Him for the extra supplies needed. She learned also to care for her lovely babe, which we named Nainara, "Star of Love," and the mother brought her back to see us once a month.

Let us not judge this poor woman too harshly, but pray the Lord of the Harvest to send forth labourers to win such souls to Him. Her husband having died six months before, she had her aged father-in-law and four hungry children to feed, as well as provide a dowry for each daughter, and she could earn only four cents a day.

One night I was called to a woman in distress living in a village ten miles distant. After making the patient as comfortable as possible in a little mud room, ten by six feet, with no other furniture than a mud floor and a low cot covered with musty rags, I asked where the baby was. Some one pointed to a heap of ashes in the adjoining court. A filthy basket under a stone partially covered this. My first impulse was to remove the stone and raise the basket. There lay, just as it had come to the cruel, cold world, one of the little ones whose angels do always behold the face of our Father in heaven.

Sadly, and with feelings that cannot be described, I replaced the basket over that little victim of false religion and poverty. Will its silent cry enter our ears unheeded? Will not He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not," require them at our hands? How can they come, unless arms of sympathy are thrown around them, and hearts on fire with His divine love draw them to Him?

While reading with my aged pandit on the verandah one morning, a well-dressed Brahman appeared with a servant carrying a tiny mite of naked humanity. He said that his wife had died and he did not want a daughter. Taking the little one in my arms, I told him of the Saviour, who loved little children. My pandit, also a Brahman, looked on in silence. Nine months later, a beautiful, black-eyed, laughing babe in a pretty pink frock crept to the old man's side. He looked amazed for a moment, then, asking if this was the same babe he had seen that morning, took the little one in his arms and kissed her. Shushila is now a charming little school-girl, who loves her
Saviour and will win many to Him.

One day a rough-looking young fellow brought a lovely child of three to the bungalow, asking us to buy her. He said he must have money, and wanted to be rid of his sister. Seeing the temples open, and other awful forms of slavery worse than death, my heart ached for this little tot, with her beautiful, innocent face, in its frame of brown curls. Asking the man to come with me to the court-house, I explained the case to the English officer in charge. "Will the child go with you?" he asked. Holding out my arms, immediately the child clasped hers around my neck. It was a severe test for a strange babe, but I knew the Master would answer prayer. He told me to take the child and he would look after the man, whom we saw a little later, apparently well pleased.

This little girl, whom we call Parbullia, "Light of the Morning," is now one of the fairest flowers in the Master's garden at the Mary A. Merriam Orphanage in Cawnpore.

One day our servants told me that little Sweren was to be sold in the bazar by her cruel stepmother in revenge for an injustice done to her by the child's father. We sent messengers to locate her, and, having asked permission from the court, we went to rescue the child. We found the woman gossiping with some neighbours, while the half-starved child sat wistfully on the ground. I spoke to her a few minutes before the woman observed me, and then carried her in my arms toward the carriage, telling the woman we had heard of her cruel purpose and had come to protect the child. Seeing the hope of revenge gone, her anger became furious and she would have torn the child to pieces if she had not been held beyond her reach. In her frenzy she tore off both carriage doors, which had only hinges of leather, and the horse, taking fright, sprang forward, breaking both traces. In the meantime, a dense crowd from the adjoining bazar had gathered, but a young Brahman, on being told the situation, kindly held them in check. The driver cut the cloth of his pugri for traces, and we drove away with our torn clothing and the frightened child, never to see the angry woman again.

Think of the little babes so safe and happy in your own homes, and learn to pity those helpless victims of religious customs, so cruel that the lowest depth of darkness could devise nothing worse.

A little girl, with a face so sad that it was repellent, was one day brought to the orphanage, and I wondered if any beauty could be made to grow in such a soul. The only word she used
everybody and everything was "go." No one seemed to be able to win her. Then she was taken ill with pneumonia, and Dr. Mary Mackenzie brought her into her own room. Then a sweet pea blossom put into her hand worked the miracle. Light came into the dark eyes, and it was almost painful to see the lips that never before learned to smile twist in their effort to show pleasure. Each day the lesson was better learned, and now we have our little Sona (Gold), whose merry laugh and constant sunshine delight the hearts of Christian and Hindu alike.

A call came from the city for us to go and see a sick child who had bubonic plague. Fearing the treatment she might receive from her frightened parents, I returned in the evening to find the door closed. When it was opened a flood of smoke from a fire in the centre of the room blinded me. As it cleared a little, I entered to find, in one corner of the room, a heavy quilt that may have descended from past generations. On raising it there lay my little patient, smothered. Artificial respiration for half an hour and stimulants failed to rouse her. Sadly I laid her down, another victim of those who have not yet heard of the love of the Father.

Cholera laid its terrible hand on the border of our city Sunday evening all was quiet, but on Monday morning its victims lay unburied by the roadside. The burden of preventing its spread to the main part of the city rested on us. The Master who always hears and answers prayer, saved the city and 80 per cent. of those who came to us for help.

A sad case that came to us was that of a child who was left under a scorching tropical sun all day to appease the anger of the gods, while his parents offered sacrifices to idols of clay and stone. Needless to say, they returned in the evening with a blinded, dying child.

One morning, on my arrival at the hospital, I found another dear child, who had attended our Sabbath-school, passing into the great beyond. The mother, who knew not God and saw no hope of reunion in the dark line of transmigration of the soul with countless demons on every hand to assail, beat her breast and tore out her hair, dashing her dying child now to her bosom and again on the rude cot. Oh, if Christians, whose eternal welfare is sure, could only see the awful darkness and despair of death in these dark, hopeless religions of the East, it would surely arouse that divine pity in their souls that brought the Son of God from His throne in Glory to be a sacrifice for our sins.

One day a little girl, Surgi, was passing the Lily Lytle Broadwell Hospital with her father and grandmother, a wonderful old lady, who had been through the Mutiny. The little girl.
SAVING THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF INDIA

seeing how different everything looked from her own little mud hut where she had never known anything but want and privation, said she wished she could be our servant. God answered the little one's prayer, though not in the way she asked. We were to be the ones who served. The girl's father died, so that the maintenance of Surgi, her mother, and little brother depended on the poor old grandmother. She could only earn one dollar a month and her board, and gave every cent of that for their food, while she clothed herself with only a tattered cloth. Then the little girl was taken ill with typhoid fever, and daily grew worse. At last, when the abdomen became perforated, they remembered the hospital, and brought her to us in despair. We told them that we could not save her, as she was too weak for operation, but if they wished we would care for her. (We never turn any way.)

Dr. Spencer was on hospital duty at the time, and with tender love she cared for the poor suffering child, as she cares for each of her patients, tenderly as she would her own family. At the same time the doctor uses every opportunity to give them the good news of eternal salvation.

Surgi's agony at the thought of death was painful to see. It meant blackness and unknown terrors to her, without one ray to lighten the gloom.

It is our custom to have all our patients in the drawing-room at least once a week, and we carry in those confined to bed. When Surgi was brought to the door, she gasped, "Oh, let me see it all!" The nurses were there in their simple white dresses, laying on a piano loaned by a friend (it has since been taken away). The nurses were singing, with happiness and contentment written all over their faces. In the grate a bright fire glowed, and the room was pretty with ferns and flowers.

After gazing in silence, with wide, wondering eyes, at every detail, she said, "Will heaven be like this?" We told her that nothing she had ever seen could compare with the home Jesus would give to her, if she trusted His love and sacrifice for her sins. The old grandmother herself hastened to bring water, and begged that she might be baptized. After that the child rested in sweetest contentment and happiness, without one groan or complaint. It was wonderful to hear that old Hindu grandmother teach her how to pray, with a faith and simplicity that would put to shame many older Christians. Two days later Surgi left us, like a babe falling asleep. Her grandmother refused to attend the Hindu ceremony, and said, "Oh, I wish she might have a Christian burial!" Her husband, however, claimed the body, and it was buried according to their usual rites—oiled,
scorched, beaten, and thrown into the Ganges. It would feed th
crocodiles and jackals, but Surgi did not care. Her spirit wa
safe in heaven, and when the Lord, her Saviour, comes she wil
have a new body like unto His glorious body.

Two weeks later the dear old grandmother came at daylight
before her day’s work began, and with her forehead touching th
floor, thanked God that her little grand daughter was safe in
heaven.

Are They Worth the Price?

Are these children of India worth our love, our prayers, and
gifts? One early morn two carriages arrived at the mission
bungalow. One was completely closed with wooden doors, and
from the other four men alighted. One of them informed me
that he had brought a very wicked woman, who had been his
brother’s wife, but who was now dead to him, as she had broken
the caste rules by going through her husband’s apartments at
the front of the house. He asked me if we would take her, otherwise
the street, with its lowest degradation, would be her only refuge.
I asked him to bring her in. He replied, “She is dead to me
and I can never look on her face again.” On opening the carriage
I found a pretty but frightened child of not over fifteen years
of age. After she entered the drawing-room, her husband, a
lawyer of over sixty, refused even to step on the verandah, lest he
be defiled. I had to draw a curtain around her before his brother-in-law would come into the room to tell me, before her
what she had done.

That day Ummedi asked to stay in the office, where I was
busy. She watched the Christian girls come and go, and quietly
removed all her numerous ear, nose, and toe rings and bracelets
and in the evening asked to be dressed like them. We sent her to
school in Calcutta for two years, where she accepted Christ in
name as well as in heart. During that time she learned to read
and write Bengali, and to sew, make lace, and do many kinds of
fancy work. When our medical work opened at Fatehpur five
years ago she came as nurse, and in four years Ummedi learned
to read and write Hindi, Urdu, Hindustani, and English, as well
as the elementary rules of grammar and arithmetic, and passed
second highest in the United Provinces her final written and
oral examinations in nursing, elementary anatomy, physiology
and hygiene, under the examiners of the United Board for Mis
sion Nurses.

When you know how quickly these dear children develop
under Christian teaching in the mission schools, orphanages
rescue homes, and hospitals, is not your zeal inspired to reach ou
and save those perishing millions of India? What is the price
If a soul? What shall we give in exchange for it? Whether it belongs to one of these little ones or to us, "Inasmuch as ye have loved one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me," said Christ.


**THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.**

Conducted by Anna Little.

*Harry's Report.*

You know just how it hurts us boys To save and give up things; 'Most always it's the little girls That bring their offerings. But when that missionary came, About a year ago, She made us boys feel sort o' bad, Because we didn't show Much interest in Mission Bands, Mite boxes and such stuff.

She told us how they needed men, And how there weren't enough To fight the battles of the Lord Out in the mission lands; And asked us what we meant to do With all our brains and hands.

She said, "God wants you for his work And here is where you start, By doing all these little things, Each boy his own small part." We boys got quiet while she talked— We had been wiggling some And eating things, and Jimmie Blake, He had been chewing gum. But when we saw tears in her eyes, And when she talked so good, We listened and I guess she knew That we all understood.
So then, me and another boy
We lifted up our hands,
To show that we would help along
The boys in heathen lands.
And then the rest, they joined in, too;
I didn't think they would,
But mother says that it's always so
In things that's bad or good:
Somebody has to start the thing
And not stand back and whine;
And ma was glad that day to see
The first hand up was mine.

So then we boys just did our best
To work and earn and save;
You'd laugh to see how much it was—
The money that we gave.
And when we brought it to the church,
To put it with the rest,
The minister said, "Well, now,
The boys have done the best!"

So now we're bound to keep it up,
And when we're grown to men,
Perhaps we'll raise our hands again
If we are wanted then.

—Selected.

THEY SAVED HIS LIFE.

After the missionaries had been a few years in Hawaii, a certain agnostic asked the king if conditions were not much worse there than before the missionaries came.

"Why, sir," was the answer, "you have done three things since you came into my presence which, but for the missionaries, would have cost you your life."

"What are they?"

"First, you walked into my presence instead of crawling on your hands and knees; next, you crossed my shadow; and then you sat down in my presence, any of which offenses would once have been punished with death."

In substance, the king's answer will apply to the condition of any heathen country where the missionary goes.

—Record of Christian Work.
IMPORTANT NOTICE.

SOME friends at home have been in doubt about sending money direct to the field since the outbreak of the European war and have not sent as usual for fear that it would not reach us. We wish to say again that money sent by International Post Office Money Order is paid at the mission house at any of our stations and we get about three hundred and six rupees for a hundred dollars. All who support orphans or mission workers can get their money to the field without delay by sending it in this way. Even people living on rural mail routes can give their money to their postman and a Money Order can be made out at the office and the receipt given to them the next day. This receipt should be sent to the person to whom the money is sent so that in case of delay the Money Order can be traced.

The money cannot be lost for if the order is lost another will be issued if the receipt is kept. There is no safer way to send money up to fifty dollars. Above that amount separate orders must be made for each fifty dollars or fractional part thereof.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

PRAISE.

MURTIZAPUR.—For answers to prayer received during the past three weeks.

—For a husband and wife from the Mahar caste, who hearing the gospel for the first time were soundly converted and filled with great joy, so much so that their hunger for food left them for some days. They have been baptized and are testifying to all around them of the wonderful salvation Jesus has given them.

—That eight others of the same community have believed on Jesus and are testifying to the same. These are candidates for baptism.

—For the blessing bestowed on the sale of Scripture portions. A lad bought a gospel portion at Bairam Fair and took it to his town. A young man, a weaver, borrowed and read it over and over again. He was convicted and convinced of the Truth. Ten days later he met us in our camp and had the Word more fully explained to him and praise God he is now an avowed disciple of Jesus. He too is a candidate for baptism.

—For the salvation of a little woman in Murtizapur. While listening to the old, old story, it pierced her heart and she—
received it and was filled with wonderful joy. We have just met her after fifteen days absence, and she gives the following testimony—"For eight days my mind has just been full of what you told me and at night, the gladness in my heart was so great I could not sleep. My husband would say to me, 'What has happened to you? You lie there looking so happy. Whatever has entered your mind?" She continued "I have watched eagerly the trains every morning to see if you would come for I am hungry to hear more." How precious must the 'first love' of this dear Indian woman be to our beloved Lord! Oh magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt His name together.

PRAYER.

GENERAL.—That God may bless the work this touring season which is the special time of seed sowing and harvesting.

MURTIZAPUR.—For the lad above mentioned, who leaves much to follow Jesus.

—For two Brahmins, who are inquirers and are seriously thinking over the question; that they may be willing to pay the price, forsake all and follow Jesus.

CHANDUR.—For a farmer who has for several years been on the point of being baptized, that he may be willing to pay the full price, also for the members of his household, that they too may accept Jesus as the Saviour and stand with him.

—For some who are convinced of the truth, but for fear of relatives hold back from being baptized, that they too may be willing, after counting the cost, to put all on the altar.

ITEMS.

It was decided in the Convention, that the February number of the India Alliance should be devoted to the annual report of the stations, so that our next number will be the Annual Report Number edited by Mr. Fuller.

We hear of blessing and open doors to the gospel this touring season, and a goodly sale of gospel portions.
# List of Alliance Missionaries.

## BERAR

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<tr>
<td>AHMEDABAD</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. H. V. Andrews, Miss Lillian Pritchard</td>
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<td>DHALKA</td>
<td>Mr. F. H. Back</td>
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<tr>
<td>KAIRA</td>
<td>Miss Coxe, Miss Peter, Miss B. Conger, Miss E. Prichard, Miss M. Taylor</td>
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<tr>
<td>MEHMADABAD</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. L. F. Turnbull, Miss Cora Hansen</td>
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<td>SANAND &amp; SABARMATI</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. D. McKee</td>
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<tr>
<td>SHANTIPUR (Jetalpur P.O., Ahmedabad)</td>
<td>Miss Jessie Fraser</td>
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<tr>
<td>VIRAMGAM</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. A. Duckworte</td>
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<td>LONAYLA (Poono District)</td>
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<td>PANCHGANI (Satara District)</td>
<td>(Children's Home), Miss H. Beardslee, Miss M. Patten</td>
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## GJURAR

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<tr>
<td>BHUSAWAL</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. A. I. Garrison, Mrs. F. M. Bannister</td>
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<tr>
<td>BODWAD (P. O. Nargaon)</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. C. Eicher</td>
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<tr>
<td>CHALISHAON</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. O. Dinham</td>
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<td>JALGAON</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. C. W. Schelander, Miss C. Rutherford</td>
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<tr>
<td>PACHORA</td>
<td>Mr. A. Johnson, Mr. &amp; Mrs. H. H. Cox</td>
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<td>MALKAPUR</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. S. H. Auernheimer</td>
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<td>MURTIZAPUR</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. L. J. Cutler</td>
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<tr>
<td>KHAMGAON</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. E. R. Carner, Miss E. Krater, Miss H. Bushfield, Miss A. Little, Miss Wyeth</td>
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<tr>
<td>CHANDUR</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. K. D. Garrison, Miss J. L. Rollier</td>
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<tr>
<td>BOMBAY</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. O. Lapp, Mr. &amp; Mrs. P. Hagberg, Mrs. I. Moodie, Mr. W. M. Turnbull</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. P. Eicher, Mr. &amp; Mrs. W. Ramsey, Mr. &amp; Mrs. Schoonmaker, Miss M. Compton</td>
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